In Sanya's room, on standby before night patrol.
OKAY ...
WHAT?
THIS IS LIKE THIS, AND THAT IS LIKE THAT ...
SO THAT MEANS THIS CARD ...
Tarot ...
THE TWILIGHT TRIO
STRIKE WITCHES
Official Comic à la Carte
by Ningen
HM?
EH?! AND WHAT IS THIS ...?
Oh yes ...
I SEE ...
ARRANGED LIKE THIS AND THIS ...
THERE IS THE MAJOR ARCANA AND THE MINOR ARCANA, AND...
OH YES ...

PERHAPS IT'D BE EASIER TO JUST SHOW YOU HOW TO DO IT ...?
HMM ...
SORRY ...
HMM?
Whenever I turn the cards without really thinking ...
My mind always wanders to Sanya.
ARE YOU GOING TO TRY TO PREDICT?
WELL THEN WHAT ...
... LET'S SEE ...
HM ...
And then, as if there's something I want to make sure of, I also think of myself.

I've been fighting in this war since I was 10 yeara old.
I was given a large gun and a broom made of steel, and I was mostly just enjoying being able to fly.
I was avan able to make a really great friend.
Although I was on a battlefield, I was surrounded by reliable superiors and good comrades ...
And then all of a sudden, I was given some kind of graat medal, and started to get treated as an aca.
But my reason for fighting still really was nothing more than because of tha Neuroi.

Of course, I wanted to protect my homeland ...
And of course I felt I had a duty as a witch to protect mankind from the Neuroi invasion ...
But all of that felt so far away ...
Perhaps it was because I was still young and foolish, but it felt as if all of that was not really about me.

So when the order for my transfer to the 501st came, rather than feeling it was an honor ...
Or feeling pride over my status as an ace, I simply thought that it sounded like a fun adventure.
That vague feeling inside of me that said something was not quite right did not disappear at once ...
But ...

That time.
That night.
LA-
LALA♪
LA-♪
LA-
LALA♪
It felt as if Sanya's light was guiding my very existence to this place.
THAT MUST BE SANYA. SHE USUALLY HELPS US FIND OUR WAY BACK TO THE BASE LIKE THIS DURING THE NIGHTS
It was then that I found a real reason to fight
LIKE YOU, SHE IS FROM A NORTH EUROPEAN COUNTRY.
I HOPE YOU'LL GET ALONG.

After that day, we slowly got to know each other better and better ...
And my once small and fragile reason soon developed into true determination.
I want to fulfill Sanya's dream, the dream she has of meeting her parents again.
That is my reason to fight.
When I had finally mustered up the courage to tell her this, she was already always by my side.
Just as I needed her, she also needed me.

And so ...
Miyafuji joined the 501st. She, who could not even hold a gun at first ...
It felt as if we somehow made each other complete, a very satisfying feeling.
said some things to keep our hopes up. But she had no basis for what she said whatsoever, which made me quite annoyed.
Because I felt that as opposed to her pipe dreams, I was actually trying to help Sanya out for real. And also ...
I think ...
I might have felt that her words somehow had denied what now was the very core of my existence; my role in Sanya's life.

But then, just as she had said ...
... one of Sanya's wishes was granted.

It was not a miracle.
Miracles are miracles because they do not actually occur.
What happened was a result of Miyafuji's earnest faith.
It was a fortunate chance that became reality because Miyafuji believed it would.
She, who had not even been a witch for half a year ...
Had not only protected Sanya's hope, but also mine.

...
ILA?
HM?
OH.
MIYAFUJI.
MIYAFUJI?
I'VE BEEN
HERE THE
WHOLE TIME!
ANYWAY,
WHAT DID
YOU SEE?
YEAH
...
YOU
REALLY
ARE
...
QUITE
AMAZING.
NEVER MIND,
NOTHING.
IT'S A
SECRET.
.....
COME ON!
TELL ME!
WHAT!?
WHAT DID
YOU SEE?

EILA
...
YOU'RE ACTING STRANGE
...
sob
...
MIYAFUJI!!
WHAT!?
S-STRANGE?
LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE! NOW SANYA THINKS I'M STRANGE!!
HOW'S THAT MY FAULT!?
STRIKE WITCHES
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END